

# MOVING DAY

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AS I SIT DOWN HERE FOR A few minutes, to peer within and see if there are any ideas hidden beneath the surface of my mind tonight, I'm just definitely ready to move tomorrow morning, and will be glad to get to a new place as soon as possible. I plan to write this article along the way

tonight and tomorrow. I've often employed jazz type rhythms and figures in starting new thinking, onto a page. *Such imagery, and playful language usage has 'roll started' a lot of my writing. If a stream is flowing down a mountainside, it will eventually reach the pond in the valley.* I've thought many times before, how the hobbies and pastimes one enjoys, whatever they may be, *tend to 'contain life within them.'* The artist or writer or musician will somewhat be wrapped in a dream of idyllic creativity... at a place of becoming, and at a kind of head waters of a lot of vitality, which wants to go onto media of some

kind. *'The golden age of an art form is in the making, and doing, and giving and receiving of it.'* These rivers bound joyfully along down hillside toward the ocean... and they lazily flow, as in a graceful, slow waterway with definite boundaries... an course which always will carry boats, and barges along for hundreds of miles... *and is a sure path through the rolling hills, and valleys, to the ocean.* These two main types of water flows, the cascading rapids, of the up lands, and the languid, lazy flows of the low lands, *seem to mirror the souls journey, through both the worlds above, and the worlds that are*

*below.* I think one of the best metaphors for death, is the rejoining of the soul, with the mother lands, *and an interior journeying...* whereas a good metaphor for the life is like the walking of a hiker, across sometimes steep rugged terrain, through the elements, over hill and across field, to make a camp at night. Similarly, one might live a portion of his or her life in the valley to the south, *before making a sojourn to the mountains in the north.* There might be different periods in a life, as there might be different terrains, and environs. **At any rate, you can probably see, from this writing, how easily a jazzy**

**sensibility can spool off a profusion of thoughts... images and rhythms... onto the blank word processor page.** This is just the sort of 'limitless up welling,' which can build a career of writing, music, visual image capture, and art. It's been a while since I've been this inwardly free, and able to envision the whims of the heart; I only want to put such to the best use. Anyways, these are some ideas. When I wish to peer within the unfolding moment, it sometimes helps, to imagine my heart 'centering,' in such a way, that I relinquish surface attachments, and sink inwardly, unto my central core of being. *I can search the*

*world over, from mountain to meadow, and never find any peace whatsoever, which compares to the works of my own heart and mind.* At some times this effect is so startling, and riveting, *that I won't be able to break away from a soundscape of mine, after having wandered so disinterestedly in the world's bazaar.* There is no sustenance like that from one's own spirit. Well, this writing appears to be coming along fairly well, so I take a minute, and back away to look at the entire piece. A useful metaphor for moving meditation is, putting a canoe into a moving stream of water... these days, I'm more accustomed to the moving stream

than I am the idle stasis of an inactive path. So, I keep moving along, and keep myself informed about the other streams and rivers. *Some of these great rivers are so enormous.* Our economy, I think, is a service economy, and a retail economy... *and there are many great ships crossing the land twenty four seven.* Manufacturing houses are many, some of which, like automobile parts factories, never stop, no matter the day or season. At any rate, it's the next morning, this the last day in September, this year, and I sit and brain storm upon any ideas which are beneath the surfaces, of my mind, now. These indeed

come pretty easily, so I can easily imagine how these presently were lingering nearby. To paraphrase the song, *'I'm going to vanish when my ship comes for me,'* and we'll swiftly cross the prairies, and the woodland roads. Until this fortune comes through, though, I'm going to mull over this writing, and add into it incrementally. So, I've got a few ideas on my mind. *It's really impossible to relate, how good my higher power is to me... this creative work is a life long dream come true.* But it's handed down to me, from the higher plains... my job is just to receive, and to remain receptive. Really, I think that the



highest aim of a good society *is for the the man and God relationship to be as strong as possible, in as many lives as possible...* as our society somewhat thrives and prospers around the making and building of 'the new;' *it's at the heart of everything current, and becoming.* I often ask myself, 'How will I ever find time to read these many new products?' 'Will I ever fit in with the others who will resource these works?' *I tell myself that this will come in spells, and in episodes...* some times will have better reading sessions than others... sometimes in my mind, is like a blizzard, with white frosty stuff piled up

everywhere. My own work, then is more or less unreadable, to me, so I keep a large library of the works of others... these products of others are almost always most fascinating to me. As these are mostly contemporary shows, and products, I'm wide open to these equity of others. At any rate, these thoughts are somewhat arising to my surface now. *'One writer is not much, but two sharing the same space, can become infinitely productive.'* Having two or more present is really the answer to the vast madness of one alone... many people live and die never knowing this simple thing. I myself had two serious suicide

attempts, before I even could concede that I had to have others around myself. *This confusion made quite a mess of my old life, and I had to get it right.* At any rate, these thoughts are given this morning. Meanwhile, I'm greatly anticipating my getting on the road. Picking up and moving like this definitely reminds me to completely discard the complexities, and involutions of my own paranoid delusional constructs, and miss assumptions. Finding, that this world which at times fills my third eye... *some of my usual modus operandi, are simply worthless junk...* as a brilliant lightness of being has completely filled me,

and the usual heaviness and trudge, has gone. *So, this is simply great to find.* So, my signs are good, for me, for a moving day... 'This is about right,' I think to myself. There's just no need for the usual heaviness. It's a great way to see the world, when I can rest it all in the greater context, of simply a very skilled writer's voice, this is what I can call 'Blessed Assurance,' in most any sense of the term. *Additionally my managers and supervisors are so good.* I try and just keep going as I'm called and led. Anyway, these thoughts are somewhat on my mind, this morning, I'm just going with the flow... everything is

in good order and stowed. The countryside in these parts is beautiful, and our partly sunny weather and cool temperatures make a back seat ride a blessing. *We'll get there.*

A days work. Corn and bean fields pass behind, some crops are dry and wasted... these I think would be written off.

*Tomorrow will be October's arrival so most crops are in already.* Palaces and run down shacks pass alternatively, just like anywhere. *Horses and cattle make some places look so serene... post card country.*

**Today's young men and women are every bit as talented as I ever thought I was.** A road trip allows me to see how modern

young people are... they're impressive... *the union, man with his vehicle...* and I get to see some good in action. Anyways. Some of the foliage is just getting a reddish cast, as Autumn is coming in. I sit inputting these thoughts incrementally and watching out the window. Now going through hilly, densely wooded countryside... *north of our destination, meadows and houses usually coming together... fences and gates are everywhere.* I've wanted to put some local color in this, so I'm feeling blessed by these descriptive passages. Well, our skies are still hazy, interspersed with brightly lit nimbus, or rain bearing clouds. I think

twenty percent chance of rain, today. Well, I've gotten moved in here, and it couldn't be much better. I'm still doing organizing, and putting things away... it will take a few days to get everything settled in. Well, I hope these words find you happy and healthy. Tomorrow, the first of October, I'll get some running around done, and will hopefully then be able to rest a bit. Have a good Autumn and Winter. I'll wrap this writing up, and add it in with the others. All for now, Greg.

